

It's In Here

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Summary: What happens after the "What you're searching for... it's in here," scene from the HTTYD2 trailer. (NonCanon! based of Canon!) (Oneshot!)

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"What you're searching for," she said slowly, reaching out with one hand to his chest, resting her palm over his heart. Her other clutched his chocolate braid tighter in her grip.

"It's in here." She spoke with such fervor, such fire and admiration. She smiled at him, adoration and love shining in her light blue eyes.

He lifted his head up and turned towards her, his face a mask of determination and sureness. His emerald orbs blazed with a sudden fire, fear and gratitude burning through them. A small smile tugged at the corner of his lips, and he breathed a deep sigh. Gently he raised a hand to cup her face, the other laying over the one covering his heart through his layers of armor.

"Thank you," he breathed, his voice low and a bit choked with the intensity of the moment and the situation. He leaned in and their eyes fluttered closed, their lips meeting in a more than familiar dance.

They kissed each other softly at first, seeking and giving comfort and reassurance, but it soon grew deeper and more passionate. His hands moved to her hips as she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer to her. Slowly her tongue licked across his bottom lip, asking for access that was gladly given.

He moaned softly before pulling away, her lips chasing after his, a cute pout forming on her lips as they panted slightly. He wanted nothing more than to run his fingers through her silken gold locks, but that damn complicated braid kept that from happening. He would have time for that later anyway, the rest of their lives in fact if...

His heart sputtered in his chest for a moment. Of course. He was waiting for the right time, a sign to kill his every last doubt about this, and know that this was what he wanted for the rest of his life. His decision would affect hundreds of others, not just him, so it wasn't meant to be taken lightly. But this was a matter of his heart, and it was about to overflow and burst with never ending love for the shield maiden he held in his arms now.

Now was that moment. He was sure of it; this was his future. His life.

Softly he extracted her arms from his neck, and held her hands in his gently. He stood up, pulling her with him, her beautiful face smiling in confusion and adoration.

"Astrid," he breathed lightly, his voice a tad higher from his sudden nerves.

"Yes?" she whispered, smiling at him encouragedly, her eyes shining with suspense and excitement. He inhaled deeply, taking strength and confidence from her reassurance.

"Astrid," he spoke again, voice stronger and more sure now. "Our whole lives, it's never been a secret how I felt about you. For years, the whole village knew I was smitten with you, all simultaneously groaning at my not-so-subtle hints, you included." She cracked a smile, a small giggle escaping her lips.

"When I took you flying on Toothless for the first time, and you kissed my cheek afterwards, it was the first sign of any type of affection towards me. I thought we had died and the Red Death had eaten us after all." Again she giggled, her smile shifting into a small smirk.

"After I lost my leg, you kissed me on the lips, in front of the whole village, the Chief included. I was utterly astounded. I'm still unable to believe I recovered with such a smart comment as quickly as I did. The Gods must have truly liked me that day."

He cleared his throat a bit, taking in another breath. "We've kissed many times since then, so many I've lost count years ago. We also grew closer, often riding together, hanging out, training, even eating together. We became best friends, after our dragons of course. But that's all we've been, is best friends, who happen to be more friendly towards each other than to everyone else."

"What I'm trying to say, Astrid, is that I want more of this. I want more, and I want it forever. I want you, Astrid. I want this unspoken agreement between us to be finalized, I want to be able to actually say to people that you're mine, that I'm yours, and that's how it'll always be."

His breath is shaky now, and he sucks in another gasp. Her eyes have

grown wide, and her mouth has parted slightly in shock. Afraid his knees are shaking so badly they'll buckle under him, he slowly crouches down onto one of them, keeping her gaze locked with his. He eyes widen impossibly more, and she removes one hand from his grasp to cover her mouth, muffled her squeak of shock.

"I know we need to arrange a contract between our parents, and as future chief I need to be producing an heir," he spoke, righting his grip on her hand. "But I swear to the Gods I'm not doing this for that. I'm asking this because I love you, Astrid, and I want you to be with me not because you have to, but because I can't imagine spending my life without you by my side, but as mine and mine only."

Shakily he reaches into his armor, pulling out a small metal square, obvious handiwork from the forge. He places it into their joined hands, his thumb resting along the side of it.

"Astrid," he whispers, voice throbbing with love and affection and unfiltered desire. His thumb brushes against the box, lifting the top to reveal a beautifully crafted ring, golden metal flames twisting and gleaming into silver ones, battling each other.

"Will you marry me?"

Her heart has literally stopped beating. She's never seen something he made so beautiful, not even the axe he made her for her birthday last year. His words strike her deep in her heart, and a warmth spreads through her entire being, curling her toes and fluttering in her stomach.

Marriage. He wants to marry her.

He wants her to be his forever, and him hers. He chose her to be his, the future wife of the Chief. Trusts her with this responsibility, trusts her with his heart.

She would be a fool not to accept.

"Oh Hiccup," she chokes out, happy tears gathering and threatening to spill in her eyes. "I love you too," she breathes, removing her hand from her mouth to thread it into his shaggy brown locks.

"Yes," she gushes out, "Yes, yes, I will marry you!"

His shock flashes through his face then vanishes in an instant, replaced with absolute elation and relief. With shaky hands he extracts the ring from the box, fumbling a little to slide it onto her left ring finger. It's a perfect fit.

"Yes," he whispers, raising from his knees to cup her face and pull her into a breathtaking kiss, full of passion and love and desire and promise. She kisses back with every ounce of love in her soul, clutching his hair and pulling him as close as humanly possible.

So what if she's tugging on his braid a little too roughly. She said yes. They have the rest of their lives to make up for it.

End

file.